

The History of

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.

But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, Harry do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereft and deereft enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curstie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgieue them, that so much haue swayde
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on Percies head:
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garnient all of blood,
And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall bee the day, when ere it lights
That this same childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all prayfed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,
For euery honor fitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe,

And

Henrie

And I will call him to so strict
That he shall render euery glo
Yea, euen the sleightest word
Or I will teare the reckoning f
This in the name of God I pr
The which if he be pleas'd, I th
I do beseech your Maiesty ma
The long growne woundes
If not, the end of life cancels a
And I will die a hundred thou
Ere breake the smallest parcell

Kin. A hundred thousand rel
Thou shalt haue charge, and f
How now good Blunt? thy lo
Enter

Blunt. So hath the busines
Lord Mortimer of Scotland h
That Douglas and the English
The eleuenth of this month at
A mighty and a fearefull head
(If promises be kept on euery
As euer offred foule play in a f

Kin. The Earle of Westmer
With him my sonne Lord Ioh
For this aduertisement is siue
On wednesday next, Harry, t
On Thursday, we our selues v
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry yo
Through Gloucestershire, by v
Our busines valued some twel
Our generall forces at Bridg
Our hands are full of busines,
Aduantage fee des him far, w

Enter Falstaffe and

Fal. Bardoll, am I not false a
do I not bate? doe I not dwi
me like an old Ladies loose g
apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, a